

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1886, by MITCHELL & MILLER.



COPYRIGHT 1886 BY
J. A. MITCHELL.



A QUESTION OF FAMILY.

Mrs. Follibud: DOES THIS PLANT BELONG TO THE BANANA FAMILY, MR. BROWN?
Mr. B.: NO, IT SEEMS TO BELONG TO THE LORING FAMILY, OF BOSTON.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. VII. JUNE 10, 1886. NO. 180.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., \$1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V. and VI. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

LIFE is glad of it. LIFE has always approved of marriage in the abstract, and never means to lose a chance to laud it in the concrete.

It is admirable on general principles, because another man has been taken in out of the cold world and provided for. And it is particularly felicitous because the individual is the President. If it is not good for a plain man to be alone, how much worse is it for a President!

Ask Dan if it is n't.

* * *

SHAKE, Dan! You did it.

He never could have compassed it without you. The newspaper correspondents would have worked him off half a dozen times on widows and spinsters of assorted sizes and conditions, but for you. You stood by him like a man, Dan. You sat in the front office and did n't know anything through those weary months of waiting. You had those little talks with him that cheered him so, and told him apt passages out of Shakespeare. They say you wrote his letters to her—LIFE do n't believe it—but you did come to meet her—did n't you, Dan?—and you went down the bay on a hazardous tug and brought her ashore, and saw that she had food and shelter and a policeman in plain clothes to stand at the door, and flowers, and opportunities for public worship, and those other little attentions that a lady appreciates. You did, Dan, did n't you?

* * *

AND then, Dan, you went back and got the old man and brought him on, and you also got measured for his clothes, and bought the ring, and paid the clergyman and had him married. All this you did, and the nation loves you for it. Just one thing would have pleased your grateful country a hair's breadth more, and that would have been to have had a church wedding in the biggest church in New York (St. Patrick's Cathedral, say,) and a great reception in Washington afterwards. Then you would have had reasonable scope for your powers, Dan, and you would have been crusted over with glory four fingers deep, so you would.

BUT the main thing has been accomplished. Grover Cleveland is a bachelor President no longer, but signs himself now "man and wife." What an excellent expedient for the gentleman himself, in the first place. He has flocked by himself a good many years, and has learned what cold comfort it is. How beneficent a scheme it is for him. How it will conduce to his personal comfort, and increase his reputation, and paint a halo around his character, and frustrate the fell plots of Ward, M.D., Piscator, and the little circle of Dick Deadeyes who used to cluster around the office stove at the Tift House in Buffalo.

* * *

AND for Miss Cleveland. Well, she need no longer be tied down to duties uncongenial perhaps to her temperament. The house where she has made herself admired and respected—we salute you, Madame—must always continue to feel honored by her presence, but in future she will be free to grace it only at such times and for such periods as suit her. Miss Cleveland is to be congratulated.

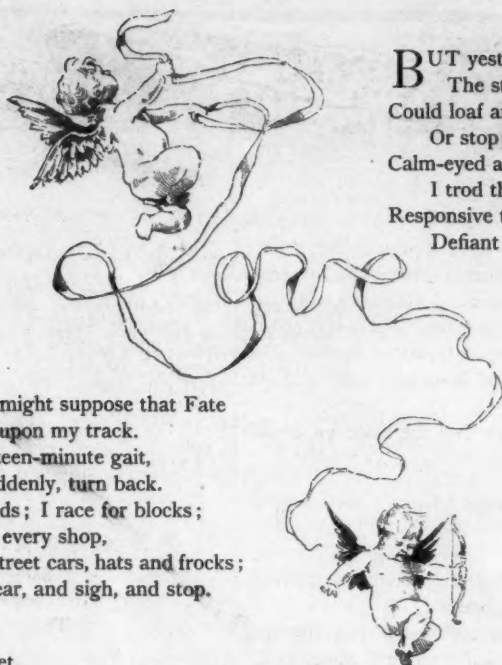
And so are the gentlemen of the press whose heads have grown hot so long turning from conjecture to hypothesis and from rumor back to conjecture. They understand now how *Othello* felt toward the end of the play; but only for an instant. Their occupation can only fail them for a moment. Break down one subtly woven web and, spider-like, they spin another out of their own insides.

* * *

EVEN the accomplished editor of the *Sun*. What he would put into his concentrated daily journal after the whole subject of Miss Folsom was exhausted might have been a puzzling question to any one who was ignorant of his resources. We who know him better understand that while there are hens in Ohio, or mortuary verses in Philadelphia, or Holmans in the House, or anything anywhere, the *Sun* will never lack for shows supplementary to the main circus. But it is better for a change now and then, and its readers are to be congratulated.

* * *

AND the bride: Shall LIFE congratulate her? LIFE was recently impressed with the remark of a person who said that a man who did not marry a woman that was too good for him was unfit to be married at all. We have no doubt that the new lady of the White House is too good for the President, or any one else, and our congratulations must be offered to her, not because her husband occupies the highest position in the people's gift, but because she has found it in her heart to make a man happy. She is to be felicitated on the treasures of womanhood it has been in her power to bestow. LIFE wishes her joy to the end of the chapter, and has but one short precept to offer her, which is: Keep square with Dan!



To-day—you might suppose that Fate
Was hot upon my track.
I strike a thirteen-minute gait,
Then, suddenly, turn back.
I cut my friends; I race for blocks;
Peer into every shop,
Note horses, street cars, hats and frocks;
Then swear, and sigh, and stop.

Yester' e'en, with high, reposeful feet,
I tilted back my chair;
Not beeswax on its cushioned seat,
To-day, could keep me there.
Yet 't is not such a direful chance
That has my ways upset—
'T is that Louise is back from France,
And I've not seen her yet!

CALLED UPON TO RESPOND.

AT a recent press dinner out West one of the guests present made a speech in which he paid a glowing tribute to the name and fame of the immortal Gutenberg.

At the close of the address, which was received with vociferous applause, the chairman, who had dined well if not wisely, said:

"If Mr. (hic) Gutenberg is present we would be (hic) glad to have him make a few remarks."

HIGH TONED—A fife.

A JOINT AFFAIR—A fishing-rod.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD says Home Rule will not do, but as Mr. Arnold is not referee his decision is only noticed to be disputed. The parallel which he draws between the situation of Ireland and that of the Southern States after the rebellion is such as to make his friends rejoice that he is on his way to America, and may gain new light upon our constitutional history.

BALDHEADED—Fond of the ballet; addicted to the front row; contiguous to the bass viol; partial to tights.

ALERT.

BUT yesterday, and I could walk
The streets with unconcern;
Could loaf and loiter, stop to talk,
Or stop and take a turn.
Calm-eyed and with unruffled brow
I trod the thoroughfare,
Responsive to the courteous bow,
Defiant to the stare.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE DECANTER AND THE PROHIBITIONIST.

A DECANTER filled with whisky was hotly pursued by a Ward Politician and a Commercial Ambassador, but made its escape and took refuge in the pocket of a Prohibitionist, thinking that in such an asylum it would be safe from harm. But after a short nap the Decanter woke up as empty as a gas-pipe, and went away in a starving condition.

MORAL: This Fable teaches that a fortress is not necessarily impregnable just because the supervising engineer pronounces it so.

THE FOOLHARDY MULE.

A MULE one day kicked a Chicago Drummer on the cheek, simply as a brilliant practical joke; but the Drummer coolly walked into a barber's shop and washed the dirt off his face, while the Mule had to be hauled to a drug-store in an ambulance for medical treatment.

MORAL: This Fable teaches that a daring general in attacking the baggage-train of an adversary is liable to stumble upon his reserves; besides giving a hint as to the true seat of the intellect.

A LONE SOCIETY—A bachelors' club.



CAN FIGURES LIE?

A CAREFUL estimate of the army Kentucky can throw into the field gives some astounding results. Estimating two colonels to a regiment, the usual allowance, we have a comfortable little force of three hundred and ninety-seven millions of soldiers. This calculation is on the basis of five hundred soldiers to every citizen of Kentucky who is called "Colonel."

In case of war, we can only hope that the State will stand by us.

A WOMAN'S declining years are generally from eighteen to twenty-five.

PORTLY OLD GENTLEMAN (to student in lawyer's office): Is Counselor Blackstone in?

Law Student: He is at present engaged in consultation, sir; he will be at liberty in a moment if you will wait.

Portly Old Gentleman (taking a chair): Do you smoke? (Pulling a cigar from his vest pocket.)

Law Student (rising eagerly): Yes, sir!

Portly Old Gentleman: Then you won't object to my lighting a cigar.



THE TWO GROWLERS.

ART thou, pet growler of Gambrinus,
Thus stowed away
In couch of clay?

Or art thou, puplet, come to ween us
From beer, to-day,
With comrades gay?

This is the witching moment of the treat,
And yonder pitcher 's due adown the street;
Yet we 've not heart to rouse thee, black-and-tan;
This once we 'll "work the growler" * with a can.

Wallace Peck.

A WARM WELCOME.

"WELL, boys," said an admirer of the New Yorks on their return from the West, "what 'll it be? Nothing that my money will buy is too good for you. I won it all on you—every cent."

"How did you bet?" asked giant Corcoran, taking a cigar nearly as large as himself.

"I bet on the other clubs," replied the lucky man.

THE prudent man always lays up something for a rainy day, if it is only a borrowed umbrella.

AND now the croaking songs from swampy flat,
That greet our ears at setting of the sun,
In harsh, unpleasant music tell us that
The reptile hop-era season has begun.

DOWN EAST.

"HELLO, Central! Give No.—Broadway some office down East."

"All right, you're connected; call 'em up."

"Hello, there! Send some responsible down-easter to the telephone. I want to talk with him about——"

"What's the matter with you? This is n't down East. This is Boston."

"Oh, is that so? But can't you give me a down East office? I want one particularly."

"Certainly; we've switched you on. Do n't keep the line too long."

"Say, can't you please have a good, honest down-easter step to the telephone? I——"

"Down-easter! What are you talking about? There are n't any honest down-easters, and this is n't down East. This is Portland, Maine. Hold on till we connect you with a down East city. There you are, try again."

"Hello! Been trying some time to get a down East office. Glad we struck you. Won't you please——"

"Hello! This is Halifax, but you must speak up; your voice sounds weak."

"So it is weak; we've been trying to find down East. Are you called down East?"

"Halifax called down East? No."

"Well, then, can you tell us where down East is? I've heard down-easters are economical and want to employ one."

"We are sorry, but we do n't know exactly where down East is; but it's somewhere north of us. You might try Upernavik, Greenland."

But either the wires were down or the instruments were frozen up; in any case Upernavik was not to be had.

* An A. D., 1886, slang expression more or less understood in lat. 41, long. 74.



Charley Longbow: YES, AN INVETERATE SMOKER USES THE WEED MERELY FROM HABIT. WHY, I KNEW AN OLD FELLOW WHO SMOKED ALL THE TIME, AND ONE DAY I FILLED HIS PIPE WITH LEATHER CHIPS, AND HE SAID IT WAS THE BEST TOBACCO HE EVER TASTED.

She: YOU MUST LOOK MUCH YOUNGER THAN YOU REALLY ARE.

He: ER — WHY?

She: WHY, PAPA SAYS HE HEARD THAT STORY WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BOY.



AN IMPRESSIONIST NOVEL.

A SERIES of vague and sombre pictures, glimpses through the mist of those simple yet tremendous forces which give to life its form and meaning, fragments and wrecks of lives swept along on a mighty current—all these are found in Arthur S. Hardy's novel, "The Wind of Destiny." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The trivial incidents, the outward appearances, the things that seem, which we call life or use as algebraic terms to express that unknown and indefinite quantity, are ignored by this artist. He would paint you an impression of the real thing, the soul-tragedy with which poverty or riches, ugliness or beauty, obscurity or fame have nothing to do.

The result is not a novel which can be judged by the ordinary standards.

* * *

"NOTHING moves of itself since the dance began; nothing swerves but by collision; others thou shalt drive, and they thee; but thyself never;" and again, "We live, bat-like, in gloom, and our impuissance is our power"—this is the motive of the story, appearing again and again in the fragments of lives which drift together by some blind fate, jostle each other out of their orbits and then vanish in the darkness.

This is a depressing subject. From the beginning to the end of the story life after life is wrecked when happiness seems just in view. To one only of the four generations of characters to which we are introduced does happiness come, and that by the same blind chance which had so often decreed misery.

* * *

THIS is truth, but not all of the truth. If there were nothing in life but the affections, then the whole truth would have been told. The weak point in every character drawn in this book is, that its entire happiness is made to depend on some one else. A view of life such as this is essentially feminine. It needs the masculine view to complete the picture—the strong hand of Reason on the helm and the ship beating up against the "Wind of Destiny."

* * *

THE charm of the book is the condensed and melodious style, which avoids all harsh words and superfluous adjectives. Metaphors gleam on every page and make hasty generalizations seem to be solemn truths. "Every life is strewn with the ruins or haunted by the visions of habitations built in its morning;" "If a man be absolutely just, he will be absolutely merciless;" "What a fine world, forsooth, would this be, if reason could rule passion, and experience clip the wings of desire;" "Without fools there would be no tragedies;" "Between dreaming and living there is a gulf fixed;"—thus the oracle speaks, as though making a new revelation.

But life is not a formula, and a novel should be a picture of life.

MRS. HOMER MARTIN'S novel, "Whom God Hath Joined," is theological and emotional by turns, running the scale from Methodism to Romanism and from happy love to bigamy and suicide. The views of religion and life are alike distorted and wholly weak. The construction is feeble and the dialogue without sparkle. (Henry Holt & Co.) *Droch.*

• NEW BOOKS •

MR. ISAACS. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan's Summer Reading Series.
No Saint. By Adeline Sergeant. Henry Holt & Co.
The Wind of Destiny. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Lyrics of Life. By John G. Wilson. Claxton Book Concern (Limited).

DEFINITIONS.

NAVY—A Potomac legend; a fabulous tradition connected with marine affairs.

MAIN—Prize fight between armored roosters.

VASE—A Chinese toy of variable value; the same vase sometimes varying in value from \$1.37½ to \$18,000, according to geographical location.

BELLE—Daughter of wealthy parents.

AUBURN—Color of a rich redheaded girl's hair.

SWELL—A shrunken young man.



SPORT IN THE WEST.

Voice from above: HI, TOM! TIE THE ROPE AROUND YOUR WAIST AND I'LL PULL YOU UP. MAKE HASTE, OLD FELLOW, THERE'S A GRIZZLY DOWN THERE!

A LUCKY YOUTH.

CHARLIE (showing his friend a piece of bric-à-brac):
There is a rare little gem that I got while abroad.
Friend: Where did you get it?
Charlie (carelessly): Oh, I picked it up in Florence.
Friend: You're lucky. I've got the same thing, but I did n't pick it up anywhere. I had to buy it, and it cost me forty-five cents.

BEYOND THE REACH OF DRUGS.

“DOCTOR,” said an old lady, “my husband is that nervous that I do n't know what to make of it.”
“In what way does he manifest this nervousness?”
“Well, every time the front door bell rings he busts a button off his vest. I think he ought to have a dose of medicine.”
“Medicine won't do him any good, madam. Nature and his creditors will have to take their course.”

THE HEIGHT OF FASHION—A dude's collar.



“IF I PICK YOU UP I FALL, AN' IF I FALL YOU WON'T PICK ME UP—GUESH I LET YER GO.”

WHEN a girl elopes with a coachman she is resolved to take him for wheel or whoa.



OUR CORRESPONDENT AT BERLIN.

YOUR correspondent was met with much pomp and a band of music at the Custom House on the German frontier, where his trunk was examined for traces of American pork. Fortunately for his relations with the Emperor, the correspondent had just eaten his last ham sandwich, and he was admitted into the select precincts of Prussia duty free.

Count Bismarck, the King of Bavaria and Duke Saxe-Weimar met him at the depot, and did the grand thing at a neighboring wharf, where schooners were had in plenty. The second round of Bock was being put down with much zest and a pretzel when the door was thrown suddenly open, and old Kaiser Wilhelm appeared in the doorway.

“Veegates, how you vas?” said he, hanging his crown on the gas jet and putting his sceptre in the umbrella stand.

“Einskoot, Kaiz,” rejoined the correspondent.

“Zwei beer,” ejaculated the Emperor, showing his readiness at repatee.

“Vot you takes?” inquired Bismarck of his royal master.

“Bretzels und peer, straidt,” returned the Kaiser.

“Santvitches für me,” said Mr. Weimar.

“Ham,” said the correspondent, thoughtlessly.

The effect was electrical.

Bismarck seized a statuette of Gambrinus that stood in the doorway, the Kaiser's whiskers came out of curl at once, and the King of Bavaria called the police.

“Dutch ham!” called the correspondent, pulling himself together.

“Ach! Dot's limber,” said the Kaiser, proceeding to re-curl his hair, while Bismarck readjusted his wig, placed Gambrinus once more over the doorway, and peace reigned.

“I thought this was to be a high-toned reception?” said the correspondent.

“Vell, vas iss der masser vis sis?” growled Bismarck.

“What's the matter with it, you Son of Sauer Kraut? Why, where are your Dukes and Palaces, and your other Poms and Vanities? I can meet Dutchmen in beer halls at home without coming all this dis-

from foreign fields

ance. Bring on your glittering Empire; that's what my invite calls for.”

“Kootness kracious! who said anydinks abowid klittering Embires?” said Bismarck.

“I,” said the correspondent, haughtily. “There it is on your Imperial note in black and white: ‘This ticket entitles the bearer to one Imperial table d'hôte, one breakfast with forks’—whatever that may be—and an Imperial apartment with four candles.’ If I do n't get those candles I'll sue the Empire.”

“Vell I nefer,” ejaculated the Emperor, taking the correspondent's card, “he's got one of dose Gook's Goupons for the Grand Reception to-night. Shumping pessvax, Pismarck, dose peebles haf make us pankrupps so soon alretty.”

“Yah, und donner und blitzen,” roared Bismarck, growing red in the face.

“Nefer mint. Put anodder tax on der Poles, Pismarck, und if dis Schmitz vants full poard at the castle raise the dariff on Pologna. All apaort for Perlin.”

So saying the Kaiser jumped on a third-class carriage and the party started for Berlin.

From this time on the pomp and grandeur of the reception equaled anything the Chum had ever seen. The Imperial Poor Houses, where a majority of the German Princes are living, were finely decorated and the allegorical statue of Bismarck, as Gambrinus, was festooned with hops and pretzels.

Everything went merry as a marriage bell until the reception was brought to an abrupt close by the Emperor sliding under the throne in an endeavor to unload the cargoes of sixty-two schooners. Bismarck immediately telegraphed to all the New York daily papers that the Kaiser had been thrown from his horse and was not expected to live.

As this was the first time the Emperor has been placed hors de combat in a naval battle since the days of Charlemagne, when he was but a fair-haired boy, it was deemed best to expel the Chum. His pretensions to the throne had become too great for him to remain longer in the empire, so handing his Cook ticket to the attendant at the door, the Chum then placed his half burnt candles in his valise and started at once for Venice on the invitation of Umberto I. Carlyle Smith.





AT THE EXHIBITION.

SHE wears a great big bonnet
 With a bunch of roses on it,
 And 't is tied beneath her chin
 In a bow ;
 Altho' she looks so shy,
 I sometimes catch her eye,
 As the restless crowd pass slowly
 To and fro.

Now, do you think she 'd care
 If some day I should dare
 To speak to her, and ask her
 What 's her name ?
 Alas ! tho' fair, she 's mute,
 She 'd never heed my suit—
 For she 's nothing but a picture
 In a frame.

M.



We respectfully call your attention to our new

PATENT MIKADO SAFETY TRAPS,

especially designed for the use and protection of blushing young buds, obliged to leave home in the interests of their education.

THESE TRAPS

are made of strong plate glass, perfectly transparent, mounted on ebony standard with brass wheels, and can be easily moved about the city without injury to contents.

WARRANTED MAN-PROOF.

Mothers-in-law, maiden aunts and others of a naturally pious and retiring mind, having young girls under their protection, will find a great saving of time and anxiety by the use of this new and novel invention. Call and examine.

HUGH KHANLUC,
 BERT U. MUSSERTUCH, } Agents.

Price (with bull-dog and burglar alarm complete), \$50.



THAT which Audran calls "Le Serment d'Amour" by any other name loses its odor entirely. Col. McCaull with his "Crowing Hen," produced at Wallack's, and Sydney Rosenfeld with his "Bridal Trap," given at the Bijou, have failed to give the least idea of what the opera really was, and have succumbed to respectable morality and earnest proper-ness. Audran's last effort is not worthy of the composer of "Olivette" and "La Mascotte." There is nothing in "Le Serment d'Amour," or what did service for that work at the Bijou and Wallack's, to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty. There is little to bring the smile of pleasure to the lips of any one. The adapters evidently thought that French librettos minus the Frenchness would be acceptable to Americans. In other words, they believed that "Le Serment d'Amour" had something in it besides spice.

They were wrong. It had not. I have seen the original, and beyond a few stage instructions, such as exits, entrances and the positions of furniture, there was nothing in the book which savored of wholesomeness.

Sydney Rosenfeld placidly declares that he has discarded the original, kept only the pretty little story running through it, and rewritten dialogues and everything else. I am sorry for Mr. Rosenfeld. "The Bridal Trap" shows how much he can't do. His libretto is pointless, and—to use M. Audran's vernacular—*fade*. The company at the Bijou is such a good one, however, that it covers a libretto full of sins. Roland Reed, as the *Drum Major*, is quaintly entertaining; Augusta Roche, as the *Marquise*, and Miss Clements, as *Rosetta*, are also very amusing.

Col. McCaull's "Crowing Hen" does not claim to have been made entirely new. But it is none the better for that. Everything objectionable has been cut out, and you can feel exactly from where it has been cut. You always feel annoyed at situations for which you have been treasuring up a nice red-hot blush, when they simmer down into insipidity and nothingness. Then, of course, you give a sigh of relief that the precipice has been safely passed, almost before you knew you were on the brink.

"The Crowing Hen" and "The Bridal Trap" will not add to Audran's reputation in America, and it is improbable that either Col. McCaull or Messrs. Miles and Barton, Sydney Rosenfeld's proprietors, will build up a fortune by its means. *Alan Dale.*

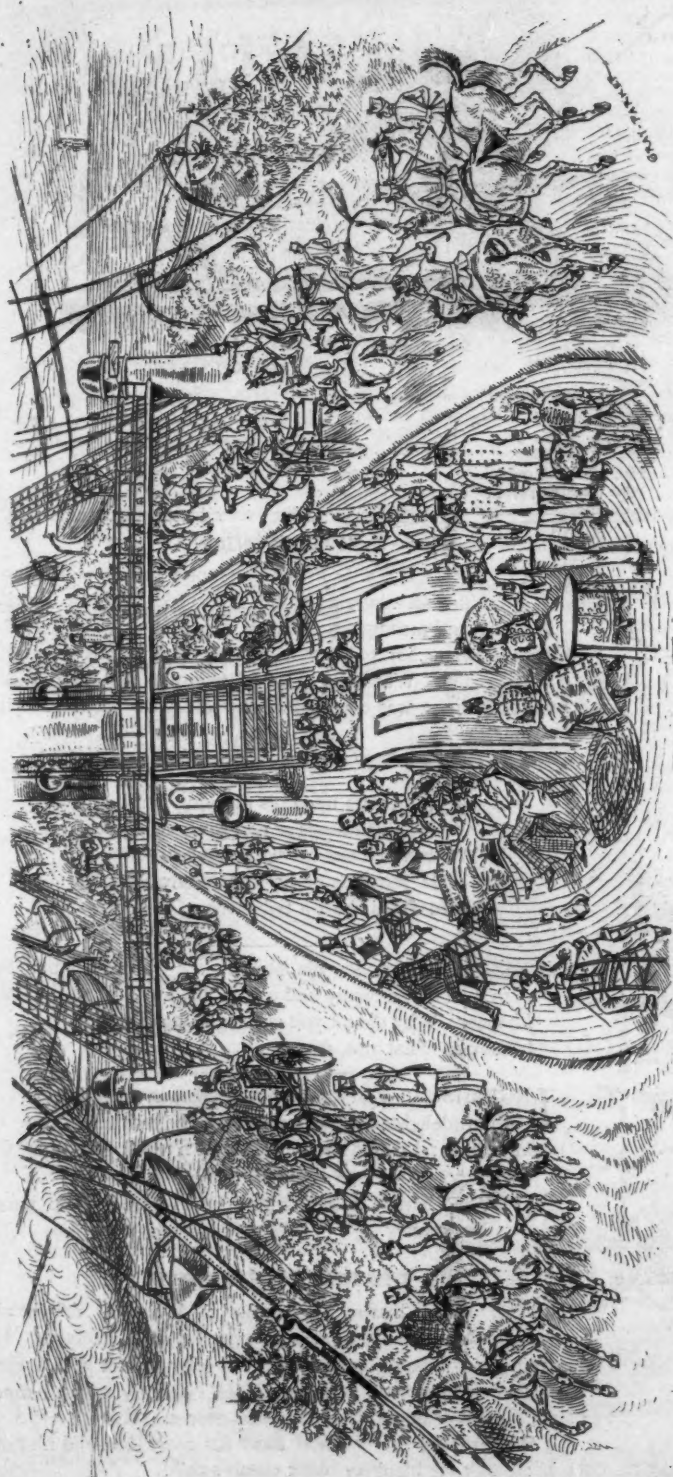


SCIENTIFIC

THE MID-OCEAN PARKWAY.

OCEAN travelers will be glad to learn that a new driveway has been devised which will rid them of the *ennui* of long sea journeys.

The people who go abroad are, as a rule, barouche occupants; and while on the ocean they sadly miss their afternoon drive. How enjoyable it would be if, after leaving the mess table, they could find John and the bays waiting for a "tool" down the road. How the fair *equestrienne* dreams of a canter as she wearily lolls in her steamer chair! How the idle clubman longs for a "brush" with some fast horse!



THE MID-OCEAN PARKWAY.

THE REALIZATION.

Thanks to the inventive genius of the cabin boy on the "City of Rome," all passengers by that steamer can this summer have "tools," canterers and "brushes" to their hearts' content.

An adjustable sectional plank driveway has been built; and, during fair weather, this wooden road will be placed in position. It will extend around the deck of the steamer; and as she is 545 feet in length, one can readily see that the passengers will have at their disposal a circular road of no mean length.

To make the illusion perfect, an imitation hedge will follow the outside circle of the road, thereby concealing the iron bulwarks of the ship, and giving the effect of a diversified country.

Our artist has represented the driveway on a fair summer afternoon, and we ask any man whose name and address are in the city directory if the passengers do not appear far happier than if simply confined to a wooden chair and a summer novel.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS.

An ambulance can rush down this road *en route* to the stern for a sudden case of sea sickness, and a policeman can be on the spot to prevent all fast driving between the cook's galley and the mizzen marlin spike. Fox hunts will also be in order, and in winter the road can be converted into a toboggan slide.

FUTURE RESULTS.

We trust in time all the long steamers of the Atlantic will favor passengers with similar roads; and, if the boats continue to increase in length, a line of horse cars would counteract distances.

THE DOLPHIN DRAG.

(See following page.)

Our artist has also represented the new dolphin drag, which will be a fitting accompaniment to the driveway. When the steamer's shaft is broken, and the vessel is lying idle, the passengers can leave her and take mid-ocean drives to prominent points in the vicinity, returning in time for the twilight mess.

Or, when on the homeward voyage, the steamer is passing the Long Island beaches, those travelers who own villas along shore can leave the ship and leisurely drive home, thus avoiding arriving at dirty Gotham, and at the same time saving duty at the Custom House, and from nineteen cents to two dollars and a half L. I. R. R. fare.

Wallace Peck.

A SMART BOY.

SALOONIST (to his little boy who has been left in charge for a few minutes): Vell, Heinrich, haf you sold noddings vile I was out?

Little Boy: Ya, fadder, I sold dot old slate for fifty cents. Der shentlemans said ve could buy a new von for ten cents. Dot was a grett bargain, fadder.

MOTTO FOR PERSONS WHO PRESERVE FRUIT—"They can, who think they can."

A FLANK MOVEMENT—Pa with a strap.



THE DOLPHIN DRAG.
(See preceding page.)

DIAMOND—A glittering ornament for circus agents and horse jockeys; headlight of a tenth-rate actor.
FLAT—Loaded with superincumbent impecuniosity.



HARD LUCK.

HEY, WHAT YER RUNNING FOR?
FUR TER KEEP UP DE CIRCULATION OB DAH BLOOD.
WELL, WHAT'S THE CHICKENS RUNNING FOR?
FUR TER BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGIN ME, I SUPPOSE.

HER OPINION.

A FARMER'S wife living up among the New England hills had a longing all her life to see a hippopotamus. A circus and menagerie visited a neighboring town and she harnessed up her old horse and eagerly jogged over the rough roads. When she stood in front of the cage where the huge beast was confined all she said was "My! ain't he plain!"

A CYNIC.

HE wears upon his mocking lips
Such flings at constancy as those
With which our modern wits eclipse
De Musset's or La Rochefoucauld's,—
And at his heart a faded rose.

M. E. W.

IRISHMAN (relating his exploits): I walked up boldly to wan o' the enemy and cut off his legs wid me sword.
Listener: Why did n't you cut off his head?
Irishman: That was already off.

INGEMISCA: You look very like Senator F., John.
John (delightedly): Oh, do I? Is he smart?
Ingemisca: I do n't know. He does n't look so.

NEVER expect a loan from a man to whom you have lent money.

A DELICATE PERCEPTION.

SHE (after leaving restaurant): What a delightful waiter, Charlie, and so respectful and attentive. It seemed as though he could n't do enough for us; I was really quite charmed with him. He evidently realized that we are not ordinary, commonplace people.

Waiter (who has worked hard for a tip and did n't get it): Blank the blankety blank cheap swell!



WHY THE CASE WAS DISMISSED.

A YOUNG man had been arrested for kissing a pretty girl, and she was on the witness stand.

"You say," said the attorney for the defendant, "that the young man kissed you against your will?"

"Yes, he did, and he did it a dozen times, too."

"Well, now, is it not true that you also kissed him during the affray?"

Objected to; objection overruled.

"Now answer my question," continued the attorney. "Did you not kiss the defendant also?"

"Yes, I did," replied the witness indignantly, "but it was in self-defense."—*Washington Critic*.

"THERE," said Mrs. Highflyer, as her daughter ceased from torturing one of the high-numbered "ops" of Beethoven, "that's what I call a finished performance, eh, Mr. Jones?"

And Mr. Jones nodded and said, "thank Heaven!"—*Ex.*

THE other morning at the Tombs, says the New York *Sun*, before one of our most courteous police justices, a war of words waxed hot and furious between two distinguished lawyers of that locality. "Sir," said one, in a vigorous aside, "you are a confounded liar."

"Sir," responded the other, "you are an infernal fool."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," entreated the courteous judge, "you will kindly address your observations to the court."

A CONGRESSMAN's daughter had been receiving a young man's attentions until the father thought it was time he was knowing something about it. "Celestine," he said last night, when the young man was announced, "is n't it about time some definite conclusion was being arrived at in this matter?" "Quite time, papa," she replied in a matter-of-fact way. "Well, daughter, is there any prospect of a conclusion?" "I can't really say, papa. You see he is on the calendar as unfinished business, and ——" "Enough, daughter, enough," he interrupted, putting up his hands, and the girl went down stairs to complete the quorum.—*Washington Critic*.

AT a large and would-be fashionable wedding recently held in a town in this State the solemnity was rudely disturbed by a rather unexpected answer. The bride had entered on her uncle's arm, and was met by the groom at the chancel. The uncle then retired and took a seat in the body of the house. All went well until the clergyman asked the question:

"Who giveth this woman to be wedded to this man?"

He paused for an answer, and the uncle rose and, placing his hands on the pew in front of him, said, in accents louder than are common at weddings, "Me!"—*Boston Traveller*.

HE was riding with his elder sister, and thought he could take some liberties. "Have you any objections to my smoking, Mabel?" he asked.

"No," she replied; "if you desire to smoke, the coachman will help you to alight."—*Lowell Citizen*.

WHEN we consider the belligerent attitude of Greece against the defenceless European powers, we can't help thinking what an awful thing it would be if Rhode Island should rise up in rebellion some day and wipe out the United States.—*Somerville Journal*.

Henry Holt & Co.,

29 W. Twenty-third Street, N. Y.,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

Children of the Earth.

A NEW AMERICAN NOVEL

By ANNE ROBERTSON MACFARLANE.

HAMLET.—"How do ye both?"

ROSENCRANZ.—"As the indifferent children of the earth."

16mo, Leisure Hour Series, \$1.00.

A Novel, by a new though thoroughly trained writer. The author is already favorably known through short stories in "Harper's Weekly" and elsewhere, and as a regular writer of literary criticisms for "THE NATION." The story is one of everyday people swayed by ordinary motives with which all "indifferent children of the earth" can sympathize, but it is presented with a clearness and power sure to evoke the sympathy. What "questions" are touched upon are presented in the characters and action, rather by synthesis than by the "subtle analysis" of which much of the reading world is becoming tired. The scenes are on the wild Nova Scotia coast and in New York society.

No Saint.

A STUDY.

By ADELINE SHERGRANT, author of "Beyond Recall," Leisure Hour Series, 16; Leisure Moment, 30 cents.

A new novel by this promising new author. Its "motive" is indicated by the lines from Matthew Arnold:

"Ah! from the old world let some answer give;
Scorn ye this world, their tears, their inward cares,
I say unto you, see that *your* souls live
A deeper life than theirs."

MRS. HOMER MARTIN'S NOVEL:

"Whom God Hath Joined."

Leisure Hour Series.....\$1.00

PHOSACID.

Good for Nervousness; Excellent in Soda Water, or Mixed with Liquors. For Sale by Druggists Generally.
MARTIN KALBFLEISCH'S SONS, N. Y.



CELEBRATED HATS

AND

LADIES' ROUND HATS.

178 & 180 Fifth Ave., bet. 22d & 23d Sts.
and 181 Broadway, near Cortlandt St.,
New York.

Palmer House, Chicago.

914 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

KRAKAUER

LADIES' TAILOR,

HABIT MAKER and HATTER,

19 EAST 21ST STREET,
NEW YORK.

Newport and London,
Is now exhibiting the largest selection of Stuffs and Fabrics, comprising the latest patterns from leading manufacturers in Europe—PERSONALLY SELECTED FOR MY SPECIALTY.

Ladies who favor me with their patronage can be assured that my establishment will, as heretofore, sustain its reputation for taste, style and unsurpassed workmanship. The LATEST in Riding, Traveling and Yachting Hats.

A perfect fit guaranteed, and every garment STRICTLY TAILOR MADE.



PRIESTLEY'S NEW SILK WARP FABRICS

Among the new materials especially commended is the *Clairette*, also shown with a border for veils. This soft, dainty fabric seems impervious to hardship, and while light in weight, is sufficiently black to be assumed even in deep mourning. Convent cloth will be much worn in the early spring. *Gypsy Cloth* is an etamine fine, and artistic in draping, while firm in texture. This *Pansy* is a soft twill, fine and beautiful, and will undoubtedly prove a favorite.—*Delinicator*.

Wheat Baking Powder.

SUPERIOR TO ALL IN WHOLESOMENESS.

MARTIN KALBFLEISCH'S SONS,

NEW YORK,

BROOKLYN,

BUFFALO,

CHICAGO.



REDFERN

LADIES' TAILOR

210 FIFTH AVENUE AND 1132 BROADWAY,

(Next Delmonico's)

NEW YORK.

MR. REDFERN begs to announce that on June 14th he will reopen his establishment at

NEWPORT, R. I.,

which will be conducted under his personal supervision. A large and experienced staff will accompany him. All orders executed on the premises.

GOWNS, COATS, RIDING HABITS, HATS.



NATURE'S

CURE FOR

CONSTIPATION,



SICK HEADACHE

AND

DYSPEPSIA.

PERFECT DRAINAGE

IS ESSENTIAL IN EVERY HOUSE WORTH LIVING IN, AND

PERFECT REGULARITY

In the working of all the excretory organs of the body is necessary to insure perfect health.

TARRANT'S

Effervescent Seltzer Aperient

Is the most effective, agreeable and economical remedy known that will secure this result. In full doses it thoroughly evacuates the bowels, and by establishing a regular habit

CURES CONSTIPATION.

In medium doses it neutralizes excess of acid, promotes the action of the skin and cures *Sick Headache*. In small doses it stimulates the stomach, aids digestion and cures *Dyspepsia*.

PREPARED BY

TARRANT & CO., NEW YORK.

Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

AMUSEMENTS.

EDEN MUSEE, 23d St., bet. 5th & 6th Aves

OPEN FROM 11 TO 12. SUNDAYS 1 TO 12.

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW.

Miss MARY ANDERSON as "Galatea."

Miss HELENE DAUVRAY in "One of Our Girls."

Concerts Afternoon and Evening by the

ORIGINAL EDEN MUSEE ORCHESTRA.

Admission 50 cts. Children, 25 cts.

"AJEEB," THE MYSTERIOUS CHESS AUTOMATON.

NEW BINDING FOR

• LIFE •

IN MAROON AND GOLD, NOW READY.

Same prices. \$5 per vol.



Send for Catalogue.
Wheels

of all kinds
for practical use
by Ladies and Gentlemen.
CLUB CYCLES.

The
Coventry
Machinists' Co.,
(Limit'd) 239 Colum-
bus Ave., Boston, Mass.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST

PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.
67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK

ENGRAVING FOR ALL ILLUSTRATIVE AND
ADVERTISING PURPOSES

A MATHEMATICAL calculation has shown that if the muscles of a man were relatively as strong as those of a flea he could throw a book agent two miles.—*Richmond State.*

NOBODY ever heard of a dumb anarchist. Anarchism is to a very large extent a mouth disease.—*Baltimore American.*

• LITTLE CLASSICS •



Artist: HAVE YOU TAKEN MY PICTURE TO THE EXHIBITION?

Porter: YES, SIR; IT SEEMED TO PLEASE THE GENTLEMEN VERY MUCH.

Artist: WHAT DID THEY SAY?

Porter: OH, THEY DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING; THEY ONLY LAUGHED.

H. B. KIRK & CO.

1158 Broadway, cor. 27th St.

69 Fulton Street, 9 Warren Street.

Recognized as one of the Leading and Most Reliable WINE HOUSES IN AMERICA.

ESTABLISHED 1853.

A large variety of Grocer's Condiments. The OLDEST and CHOICEST

WINES AND LIQUORS,

Some of which we have owned ourselves THIRTY YEARS,

AT MODERATE PRICES.

Honest Madeira, \$3.50 per gallon; good value.

Sour Mash Whiskies, five Summers old, \$4 per gallon.

No other house can furnish Old Crow RYE.

Amateur Outfits.

Patent Novel, Fairy and

Bijou Cameras.

Illustrated Catalogues Free

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.

591 Broadway, N. Y.



E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.

SELTERS WATER,

FROM THE MINERAL SPRING OF

NIEDER-SELTERS,

Bottled under supervision of the Prussian Government.

Recommended by the leading European Medical authorities as a Table Water.

Beware of Imitations

ANTHONY Oechs, 51 Warren St.,
Sole Agent for the U. S.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE Publishers of • LIFE • offer unusual advantages to those who propose issuing Illustrated Books, Catalogues, Circulars, Programmes, etc., and who desire work of an artistic order. Estimates given, and text also furnished if desired



Office of • LIFE • 1155 Broadway, N. Y.

HENRIETTE FRAME,

**ROBES and
MANTEAUX,**



Solicits an inspection of some very beautiful designs for evening dress, wraps and Street Costumes, selected during her trip abroad, suitable for Fall and Winter. Out of town orders receive special attention. Perfect fit guaranteed on receipt of measurement.

232 West 22d Street,
NEW YORK.

John Patterson & Co.,

Tailors & Importers,

No. 436 Sixth Avenue,

Ladies' Department,
No. 431 Fifth Avenue.

New York.

CAMP HARVARD, the Summer Camp for Young Boys, is the subject of an illustrated article in the June number of "St. Nicholas." For Circular address J. F. Nichols, Cambridge, Mass.

PROF. MOREMUS ON

TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.



LAWN AND FIELD GAMES.

Every variety suitable for out-door sports for amateur and professional. (We claim for our goods they are unexcelled, and our prices as low as anywhere.)

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,

108 MADISON STREET,
CHICAGO.

241 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

E. D. KAHN & CO.

56 WEST TWENTY-THIRD ST.,

Are offering unusual inducements in Choice Novelties for

SEASIDE AND MOUNTAIN WEAR.

Wraps, Jackets, Ulsters, Costumes and Millinery,
and invite early inspection.

E. D. KAHN & CO.,

56 West Twenty-third Street, N. Y.



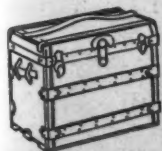
CROUCH & FITZGERALD

MAKE THE MOST RELIABLE

TRUNKS, BAGS,

&c., &c.,

793 SIXTH AVE., below 42d St.
556 BROADWAY, below Prince St.
2 CORTLANDT ST., cor. B'way
NEW YORK.



**KIMBALL'S SATIN
Straight Cut Cigarettes.**
People of refined taste who desire exceptionally fine cigarettes should use only our Straight Cut, put up in satin packets and boxes of 10s. 20s. 50s. and 100s. 14 Prize Medals.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

Cavanagh, Sanford & Co.,

Merchant Tailors

and Importers,

61 WEST 23d STREET,

Opposite Fifth Ave. Hotel, NEW YORK.

MAKERS OF

THE **G & S** SHIRT
PAJAMAS AND UNDERWEAR



DURKEE'S

GAUNTLET BRAND



**SALAD
DRESSING**

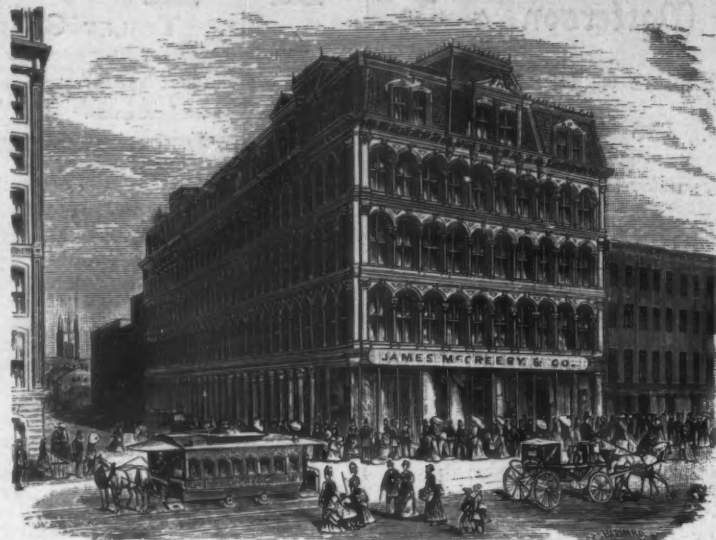
Without a rival as a dressing for all Salads, and as a sauce for Cold Meats, etc. It is prepared with extreme care; all its ingredients are of the purest and best; and will keep good for years.

BEWARE OF ALL IMITATIONS.



LIFE

JAMES MCCREERY & CO.,



DRY GOODS

IMPORTERS, MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS.

BROADWAY AND 11th STREET, NEW YORK.

DO YOU SHAVE YOURSELF?



The manufacturers of the famous "Genuine Yankee Soap" offer to the public

"WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK,"

a soap containing all those qualities which have given the "Yankee Soap" its world-wide reputation, and prepared in such form as to render it a great convenience to those who shave while away from home and all who desire to dispense with the use of the shaving cup. This soap is exquisitely perfumed with Attar of Roses. Each stick enclosed in a turned-wood case, covered with leatherette.

CONVENIENT, ELEGANT, DELIGHTFUL.
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK,

OR SEND 25 CENTS FOR A SAMPLE BY MAIL TO

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
GLASTONBURY, CONN.

(FORMERLY WILLIAMS & BROS., MANCHESTER, 1840.)

"BEWARE OF IMITATIONS."

THE ONLY

GENUINE VICHY

IS FROM THE SPRINGS OWNED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

HAUTERIVE
AND
CELESTINS

Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys, &c., &c.

GRANDE GRILLE—Diseases of the Liver.

HOPITAL—Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.

To be had of all respectable Wine Merchants, Grocers and Druggists.

It will relieve things some if the interviewers of the Folsoms will consent to adopt the eight-hour law.—*Philadelphia Times*.

SMALL BOY (to policemen in front of saloon): Hey! hold yer breath; here comes der roundsman.—*The Judge*.

TEACHER (to small pupils): Can you tell me why to-morrow is called Good Friday?

Pupils (in chorus): 'Cause there won't be any school.—*The Sun*.

LOOK not upon the lemonpie when it is yellow, for at last it bites like a Newark pup and stings like a baseball.—*New York Tribune*.

The Southern Bivouac.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

"A good thing in itself, and a sign of promise.—THE LITERARY WORLD.

"Among the most interesting magazines that come to our table."—CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN.

"It is a source of genuine pleasure to open the Southern Bivouac these days."—BOSTON HERALD.

"Has fallen in closely behind the three leading magazines of this country."—NEW ORLEANS TIMES-DEMOCRAT.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE.

I.	The Sugar Fields of Louisiana.	R. A. Wilkinson.
	Profusely Illustrated.	
II.	Our Last Hunting Grounds,	F. L. Oswald.
III.	Postal or Local Savings Bank,	Edward Atkinson.
IV.	Death (Poetry),	Daniel E. O'Sullivan.
V.	Charles Gayarre, Statesman,	Paul H. Hayne.
VI.	The Hobby of Holmes,	W. R. Belknap.
VII.	The War in Missouri,	R. H. Musser.
VIII.	Down the Ochlawaha,	Clinton Scollard.
IX.	The Destruction of Louisville,	Caleb Ross.
X.	A Charmed Life,	Margaret J. Preston.
XI.	General Turner Ashby,	A. E. Richards.
XII.	Comment and Criticism.	
XIII.	Editor's Table.	
XIV.	Salmagundi.	
	SINGLE NUMBER, 20 CENTS.	
	ONE YEAR, \$2.00.	SIX MONTHS, \$1.00.
	FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.	



"Mama! Do n't forget to put in the Edenia and Rhenish Cologne. You know we can't get along without them."

"Well, give me the Edenia; I want the Rhenish Cologne in the hand-bag to use on the way."

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME, EDENIA. LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

If you cannot obtain above in your vicinity send your name and address for Price List to the manufacturers, YOUNG, LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay Street, New York.

The *Young Ladies' Journal* (London) says: "Edenia is one of the most delicate and agreeable of perfumes; it suggests the odor of many favorites. Lundborg's perfumes are very tastefully put up in neat little boxes, and are suitable offerings to give to any lady."

"LIFE" Rural Number.

"LIFE" Fourth of July Number.

The publishers of LIFE beg to announce that on June 21st they will issue the Rural Number, and on June 28th the Fourth of July Number. Each issue will contain four additional pages of matter elaborately illustrated and printed in colors. Same price, 10 cents per copy.

COMMON SENSE BINDER FOR BINDING

· LIFE ·

Cheap, Strong and Durable,
Will hold 26 numbers. Mailed to any part of
the United States for \$1.

Address office of "LIFE," 1155 BROADWAY, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1896.

BAZAR DU VOYAGE,

No. 1 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

J. HAMILTON, Jr., Prop. MONROE STERN, Manager.

NEW EUROPEAN OUTFIT LIST.

Steamer Trunks.....	\$3 50
Light Weight Traveling Trunks, Canvas covered, Leather bound.....	10 00
Rug, for Steamer use.....	3 00
Bag, for Soiled Linen.....	3 00
Comb and Brush Roll.....	3 00
Tourist Bag, with Shoulder Strap.....	3 50
Folding Steamer Chair.....	3 00

In addition to above, we keep a full line of Leather Goods
of Every Description for Travelers' use.

Steamer Chair, marked with your name and deliv-
ered on board Steamer, for \$2.00.

ALSO A NUMBER OF

NEW DESIGNS IN FOLDING CHAIRS

For Steamer and Lawn Use.

WEBSTER'S

Unabridged Dictionary.
"A LIBRARY IN ITSELF."

The Latest includes a Pronouncing
Gazetteer of the World, over 25,000
titles; Biographical Dictionary, 9700
noted persons; 3000 illustrations; 118,000 Words
in its vocabulary, being 3000 more than found in
any other American Dictionary. Comes with or
without Patent Index. "Invaluable in every
School and at every Fireside."
G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

BRIDGE'S
FOOD
FOR
INFANTS
AND
INVALIDS

It is without
Doubt The Best
Of The Many
Foods Now in
The Market.

Sold Everywhere
In Cans of Four Sizes
35 65 1.25 1.75

With Woolrich & Co.
on every label.




YOU CAN'T AFFORD
TO LET
YOUR
CUSTOMERS
GO TO
ANOTHER
STORE
FOR WHAT
THEY WANT
WHEN YOU CAN
SELL IT
YOURSELF
AND MAKE
MONEY
ON IT.

THE STRONGEST GLUE
IN THE WORLD.
TWO GOLD MEDALS
LONDON 1883 NEW ORLEANS 1885.

LEPAGE'S
LIQUID GLUE
CONTAINS NO ACID
MADE IN RUSSIA
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

ASK JOBBER
YOUR FOR IT
OR SEND FOR
PRICE LIST
AND
SAMPLE CAN
FREE.

TO LIVE
WITHOUT
LEPAGE'S
LIQUID GLUE
IN THE HOUSE
FOR REPAIRING
FURNITURE,
GLASS,
CHINA,
IVORY,
BOOKS,
LEATHER
MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS
STATUARY,
&c &c

IT IS UNEQUALLED.
TRY IT.



AT THE EXHIBITION AT NEW ORLEANS MADE WITH A TESTING STRAIN OF OVER SIXTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS TO A SQUARE INCH IT DID NOT BREAK.

MENDS EVERYTHING.
GLASS, CHINA, LEATHER, BOOKS, FURNITURE
STRONG AS IRON. SOLID AS A ROCK.
SEND CARD OF DEALER WHO DOES NOT KEEP
IT & 10c. POSTAGE FOR SAMPLE CAN FREE.

Russell Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.

**A FEW OF THE WIDELY-KNOWN
HOTELS WHERE USED.**

COLTON'S

DELICIOUS
LEMON,
VANILLA,
ORANGE,
ROSE,
ALMOND,
Jam. Ginger.



EXTRACTS OF
NUTMEG,
CLOVE,
CELERY,
PEACH,
CINNAMON,
Wintergreen.

**SELECT
FLAVORS**

Of Choicest Fruits and Spices

In a Sale of thousands of Gross.

Their Absolute Purity, Unequaled Strength
and Economy, are winning friends every-
where, surprising and delighting families and
trebling sales for Dealers.

LABORATORY (Home Department), WESTFIELD, MASS.

Grand Union Hotel,
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
"No others give such satisfaction."

New United States Hotel,
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
"They have no equal in strength and
fine flavor."

Congress Hall,
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
"For years have used them."

Kaaterskill Hotel,
Catskill Mountains, N. Y.
W. F. Paige, Manager.
"Very choice—the best."

Twin Mountain and Mount Pleasant
Houses,
White Mountains.
"Superior to any used."

The Arlington House,
Washington, D. C.

Ft. William Henry Hotel,
Lake George,
Delavan,
Albany, N. Y.
"Excell all others."

Crawford and Fabyan Houses,
White Mountains.
"Superior both in strength and
flavor."

Massoit,
Springfield, Mass.
"Always to be depended upon."

Sinclair House,
White Mountains
"Superior to any we have used."

International Hotel,
Niagara Falls.
"The best for hotels."

Spring House,
Richfield Springs, N. Y.

Bagge and Butterfield Houses,
Utica, N. Y.
"The best."



WOOD'S
Ladies'
Blacking

HIGHEST AWARD

**GOLD
MEDAL**



OVER all competitors at the World's Exposition at New Orleans, at which all
manufacturers of note competed. The committee of experts, recognizing its
superior quality, pronounces

WOOD'S LADIES' BLACKING

To be the Best. It contains no acid or ingredients injurious to leather, and while it
produces a

BEAUTIFUL JET BLACK POLISH,

It is the only blacking made that will not crack the shoe, but preserves and softens
the leather. Each bottle contains double quantity. Other dressing manufac-
turers claim the Silver Medal as the highest award. This is not true.

All dealers apply to

GEO. H. WOOD & CO.,

BOSTON, MASS.